

T H E  
*Tombs in Westminster Abbey.* K

IN that North isle lies a Lord, who died above a hundred years ago ;  
If he had ne'er been born, his bones would not have lain there now ;  
God grant it had been so, for he brought this land to ruin !  
Each Englishman may curse his name, for he was their undoing.

In yon Eastern isle, which points towards Minden's plain,  
Lies one who was S——, when George the Third did reign ;  
He was once present at a battle fought in Germany,  
And, strange to tell ! he did not fight, nor did he run away.

How oddly things are jumbled here ! for close unto his side  
The noble Marquis of Granby lies, who was his country's pride ;  
He fought the French, and conquer'd—and all our foes made fly ;  
And laurels covered his bald pate, which Fame let fall from high.

Here the fam'd Jemmy Twitcher lies, who was once an earl ;  
Of him much good we cannot say—there lies his favourite girl—  
In a bottle and a w——e he plac'd his chief delight ;  
At last to death he frighten'd was, on a rejoicing night.

The next you see, is Sir H— P— ; upon my word 'tis true—  
And, once upon a time, he was Vice Admiral of the Blue :  
'Gainst Keppel, he strange charges brought, but could not hurt his fame ;  
At last, eat up with spleen and spite, he died for very shame.

Here the brave Keppel lies, Britannia's darling son ;  
Many a time he beat the French, and bang'd the Spanish Don ;  
Our merchantmen he did protect, by all it is confess'd,  
And made the Monfieurs in the dark retreat back into Brest.

Here lies a General brave, who to America was sent ;  
To kill and slay the Yankies all, no doubt was his intent ;  
In that, somehow he fail'd ; they say, but how it came about,  
Unless we with the devil deal, how shall we find it out ?

B—— lies next to him, a General much in vogue-a ;  
Yet, with his army, all were prisoners made at Saratoga.  
He strove to do the best he could, as most people do say,  
But fate and fortune to the brave don't always give the day.

Here also lies a General, which none will dare dispute,  
Who in his life time was married to the daughter of John-a-Boot.  
In fears of love she did declare he was a puny elf,  
So like the dames of those rare days she chose to please herself.

The next you see with laurels crown'd, upheld by mighty fame,  
Is Pitt, the great Earl of Chatham—a noble and a glorious name !  
When he the helm of state did guide, we conquer'd far and near ;  
His like we ne'er shall see again, alas ! I much do fear.

The S——th Thane is next in view, who was an upstart loon ;  
He on his bagpipe play'd, and put the nation out of tune ;  
For his pride and folly oft 'twas thought he would lose his head,  
But, to the grief of Englishmen, at last he died in bed.

In yon isle that points to Mansfield town, lies a great Limb of the Law,  
If you get under his clutches, you may as well be under the devil's claw.  
Of quirks and quibbles he had such a terrible fight,  
By logic he at any time could prove that black was white.

Here lies Lord Camden, who was Chancellor without doubt,  
But being too honest for the C——, was turned out ;  
He was a Patriot true, and of most excellent parts ;  
By honour and justice alone he won the people's hearts.

Here lies John Wilkes, a man of wit, as is by many hinted,  
Who at each minister's wicked ways frequently he squinted ;  
A Patriot and Alderman, and once he was Lord Mayor—  
No more he squints, or puns, or jokes, but quietly lies here.

The last of ALL, here Garrick lies, the Monarch of the Stage,  
Who various ways could charm the heart, with mirth, & grief, & rage,  
His final exit he has made—his pleasing art is o'er ;  
And now I've shewn you all I can—why I can shew no more.